2-1-1916

UA12/1/1 Elevator, Vol. VII, No. 5

Western Kentucky University

WESTERN KENTUCKY STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
Bowling Green, Ky.

Opening of Fall Session Shows Increased Attendance

The Fall Session opened on Tuesday morning, September 8th, with an enthusiastic gathering of students. In number the registration exceeded by a large per cent what we have had heretofore at this season of the year, and the quality of the work that is being done is unsurpassed. Teachers and former students returned from their vacations with a vigor and an inspiration that will enable them to accomplish the best results. Many graduates from High Schools are included in the enrollment.

Change in Date of Opening of the Mid-Winter Term

Since the school term throughout the State has been extended from six to seven months, it has been deemed best to change the date for the opening of the Mid-Winter Term to Tuesday, February 1, 1916. By putting it thus late, most of the teachers will be able to enter at the beginning of the term or a short while thereafter.

Free Tuition

While making your plans to enter school somewhere, be sure to take into consideration the fact that those who expect to teach are entitled to free tuition in the Western Kentucky State Normal School. If you have completed as much as the Common School Course, are sixteen years of age and expect to teach after attending the Normal, you are eligible to an appointment and your County Superintendent will be glad to issue you a scholarship. See him or write about it.

Certificates Granted

1. The State Elementary Certificate is good for two years anywhere in the State. One year's work required.

2. The State Intermediate Certificate is good for four years anywhere in the State. Two years' work required.

3. The State Advanced Certificate is good for three years anywhere in the State. Three years' work required. This Certificate becomes a State Life Certificate after three years of successful teaching. For further information address

H. H. CHERRY, PRESIDENT,
State Normal School, Bowling Green, Ky.

BOWLING GREEN, KY., FEBRUARY, 1916

When buying, mention The Elevator.

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THE ELEVATOR

GOING UP?

A monthly journal published by the Student Body of the Western Kentucky State Normal School, and devoted to the best interests of education in Western Kentucky.

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VOL. VII FEBRUARY, 1916 No. 5

Our National Heroes

I suppose it would be impossible to find any nation with a history that has not one or more national heroes. Because a nation must live, and exist, and compete with the rest of the world, and in the doing of this, there arises crucial moments that call to the front some one of her citizens who saves the destiny of the day. Singularly enough, America has only had two great crises, and we only have two great national heroes, Washington and Lincoln. Both were born in Southern States, in the same month of the year, Washington in Virginia on the 22nd of February, and Lincoln in Kentucky on the 12th of February.

The American people have been criticised for their lack of reverence for memories and traditions. And, in comparison to some of the other nations of the world, this criticism might hold good. In England, for instance, tourists tell us that they point out with pride, scenes that have been described in the literature of Dickens, Keats, or Tennyson, and historical places, pivots upon which the affairs of England turned. We all know of "Westminster Abbey," where she enshrines and guards the dust of her heroes, martyrs and sages. But, this attitude in a people comes with age—the older a nation gets, the more it remembers, and the more hallowed becomes the memory. The American nation is young, yet—quite young—just in its swaddling clothes, and it would be unjust to denounce it for its irreverence for

memories, because it is the nature of youth to look forward and not backward. Yet, in the face of this we, in our one hundred and forty years of existence, have developed two heroes—real, national heroes, and the homage we do them shows that our affections have been wrapped up in their achievements. We have a Washington State and our Capital is Washington City, and many counties in different States are named after him. Monuments have been erected in his honor, and each year the people throughout the Union celebrate the 22nd of February. We have Lincoln highways and Lincoln monuments, Lincoln cities and Lincoln counties, and every year, on the 12th of February, "Lincoln Day."

Crises bring to the front great men and time stamps their real value as heroes. The American people have enough sense of justice to ascribe to Washington the honor of being the "Father of the Nation" and enough reverence to remember him in act and deed. To Lincoln, though at his time he was the idol of only one-half the people, we to-day give him credit for saving the nation, and all North and South combined, unite in remembrance of him. And, we feel that as time passes the halo of memory will be woven more closely about these two figures of history, and that the light of their achievements will be a beacon to the young and growing nation.

—oOo—

"The term's at mid-winter,
The classes are at morn,
Morning's at seven-thirty,
The hillside's snow-covered;
The pupils 're on the run,
The teachers 're on the rush,
The dean's in his office,
All's right with the—Normal School."

Vincent: "Well, Baker, how was the ice last night?"

Baker: "No good; too slippery to stand on and too cold to sit on."

LITERARY.

THE PRICE OF PEACE

PRINCIPALLY FOR LADIES; RATHER DEEP FOR MEN FOLKS

Misses Matilda Scruggs and Elvira Perkins were enemies. No one knows when it began, or how it began, or whether it began at all. At any rate it existed. They hated each other. They loathed each other. They detested each other. They despised each other. They froze each other. In fact, that was about all they did. Their dearest like in life was to dislike each other. Their second choice was to tell their dislikes to others. If you called at either home to collect the milk bill, or take the census, or deliver the liver for the cat you would likely leave with an abundance of data as to the character and habits of the neighbor next door.

A rank amateur can hate at long distance, but it takes a professional to keep it up at close quarters. Two feet of space intervened between the homes of Misses Scruggs and Perkins. To each, countless friends, many of whom dealt in real estate, had offered the suggestion that she should sell her property and buy elsewhere, and thereby escape annoyance and promote longevity. Each vetoed the proposition. Her parents had lived in the home. The welfare of the community demanded that she remain where she could keep an eye on the creature who infested the adjoining house.

Besides, life at best was but a dull affair. She would stick.

On out-of-door days it was no uncommon thing for Miss Perkins to stand at her gate for long periods of time gazing fixedly up the street, apparently unconscious that Miss Scruggs was standing at her front gate, a couple of rods away, gazing fixedly down the street.

A sculptor would have caught the effect of the ensemble at a glance; the plain picket fence; the arched gates; and at one Miss Scruggs, grim and prim, looking east; and at the other Miss Perkins, grim and prim, looking west. If he could have expressed the picture in marble, conveying by deft and subtle strokes the impression that each saw perfectly well from behind and then christened the thing by some sort of symbolic title—say, for instance—The Scorn of Spinsterhood, why, his future would have arrived.

Miss Scruggs never trod the sidewalk in front of the Perkins home. If she wished to go down she went up to the corner, crossed, and came back down on the opposite side. Miss Perkins adopted similar tactics when she traveled in the other direction.

One day, Escamillo, the fice pup which Miss Scruggs was rearing, crossed over the boundary line and began to cavort in high glee in Miss Perkins' front yard. It was an evil day for poor Escamillo. His revels were interrupted by the arrival of a well-aimed sad iron. His mistress then rescued him from hostile territory by means of a garden rake; after which she carried him upstairs to the bathroom, where he was bathed and disinfected with painful thoroughness. There were some points in the matter that Escamillo never fully understood, but ever afterwards a boundary line was to him a sacred and solemn matter.

Misses Scruggs and Perkins were loyal members of the Priscilla Alden Literary Club which met on alternate Friday evenings in Nathan Hale Hall, the civic forum of the town. Miss Scruggs always entered by the left door and sat near the stove on that side of the hall. Miss Perkins always used the door to the right, and sat near the stove

on that side. Neither ever looked toward the other, and when either rose to take her place on the programme the other looked steadily upon the world without the window with a look in her eyes of weariness commingled with infinite contempt.

There existed between the two a state of telepathic communication so finely attuned that they automatically and instantaneously took opposing positions on everything. If Miss Perkins voted Yes on any question before the club, Miss Scruggs followed by an emphatic No. If Miss Scruggs complimented a member on an effort made in the course of a programme, that member was assured that Miss Perkins would subsequently seek her out and express serious disappointment over the stand she had taken. This, of course, was pretty hard on the speakers, as no one knew from which source the lightning would leap.

I was invited to appear on the programme once, and when I stood up there on the platform Miss Scruggs looked to be forty feet tall, and she filled all the left side of the hall, and Miss Perkins was forty feet tall, and filled all the right side of the hall. The others were so small that I could barely see them with the naked eye.

We all wished that something, anything a little less inexorable than death, would remove one or both from our midst and membership, but it never did.

One time, Miss Amarinthia Smythe, who had both courage and tact, broached the matter to Miss Scruggs:

"Of course, we'd hate awfully to have to give you up, don't you know, but wouldn't you find more peace and joy in the Jenny Lind Guild?"

"Mebbe so," assented Miss Scruggs, "but no amount of persecution will drive me from the club of which my parents were honored members; besides, I feel that I am needed here. I shall stick."

Miss Perkins made similar declarations to Mrs. J. Court Puryear, and everybody lost hope.

Misses Scruggs and Perkins were members of the Horner

Winburn Landrum Memorial Baptist Church. Neither rarely missed a Sunday or a mid-week service, but somehow their membership and attendance failed to inspire the other worshipers with any intense enthusiasm. Refrigeration is hardly the most effective way of promoting congeniality in our churches. The coal bill at the Horner Winburn Landrum Baptist Church was something awful.

Dr. Selsus Dill, the pastor, although his long suit was membership, would have experienced difficulty in holding his joy within discreet bounds at being permitted to issue for either lady a letter of membership to some other church of like faith and order. The Board of Deacons felt likewise to a man, but the golden opportunity never came. A number of times it was tactfully suggested to each belligerent that her devotions would be subjected to fewer handicaps at some neighboring church. Each, in reply, mentioned the church affiliations of her parents. Also, if she should leave the church would lie at the mercy of Old Nick himself disguised as a certain party. She would stick.

Then, Deacon Boyce Oneal organized himself into the role of peacemaker. He called on Miss Perkins and represented to her the spiritual blessings that would accrue to themselves individually, and to the church at large, if she and Miss Scruggs would only arrive at an amicable adjustment of their differences. For a full minute Miss Perkins regarded the peacemaker with the gaze of a basilisk; then she exploded:

"What!" she screeched, "you expect me to make up with that creature! You expect me to tarnish my good reputation trying to be friendly with that hyena! You expect me to crawl on my hands and knees through the mire and beg that serpent's pardon? Never, no, never!"

Deacon Oneal was repulsed but not defeated. Being a man of determination, as his name suggests, he carried his mission next door; carrying, also, the cheerful consciousness that from a convenient aperture in the shutters, Miss Scruggs was watching his advent to her home, even as she

had probably witnessed his arrival at the home of her foe a few minutes before. Another item of comfort was that the lower right hand corner of a blind in Miss Perkins' home had been pulled aside, and an eye applied.

Miss Scruggs listened coldly to the statement of his cause. When he had concluded, she fixed him for a full minute with a baleful eye, and then, she exploded:

"What! Do you expect me to try to make up with that varmint! If you do you're a mistaken man, Boyce Oneal. That woman is a scorpion; she's an adder; she's a vulture. If I were of the male sex, I should probably use strong language about that vampire."

Although a very temperate man, Deacon Oneal stopped in a restaurant around the corner and partook of two cups of strong black coffee. In a measure it steadied his grasp on his nerves, and his knowledge of natural history.

The reconciliation came about suddenly, accidentally, and wholly unexpectedly. Both Miss Scruggs and Miss Perkins made excellent committee members, but it was obviously unwise to use them together. One Wednesday night, Deacon Burton Cary, who was in the chair, appointed a committee of two, consisting of Sisters Elvira Perkins and Coralee Gaines, to draft a missionary letter to the Big Creek Association which convened later in the month. The committees, he said, should meet in the Philathea room, on the second succeeding Friday at 2.30 P.M. It so happened that Miss Scruggs was not present that night, and wot not of the appointment of the committee. Fate, taking matters in hand, ordered that on the following Wednesday night Miss Elvira Perkins should not attend services. During the business meeting it was brought to the notice of the chair that Miss Coralee Gaines had been stricken with measles, and, therefore, a substitution should be made of the committee of the missionary letter. Fate assigned Deacon Horace Greely Hays to the chair that night, and he, uninformed of the personnel of the committee as originally constituted, appointed Sister Matilda Scruggs. A gasp that gathered in momentum traveled around the audience as it realized the significance of the nomination. After the benediction, a general rush was made for Deacon Hays, and a general request made of him that he withdraw Miss Scruggs from the committee, and avert the calamity that was bound to ensue:

"No," said the Deacon, "I won't do it. If they get together and claw each other up I guess the heathen will get along somehow. That mistake may have been providential for all I know."

Some of the more timorous members besought Doctor Dill to spread oil on the troubled waters by his official presence."

"I can't do it," said the Doctor. "It is my invariable custom to take a long walk on Friday afternoons, during which I evolve the salient points of my Sunday sermons."

But with or without the benefit of the clergy, a number of us younger bloods decided to be on hand when the gore was spilled.

At 1.30, of the fatal afternoon, Billy Greer, and I, and half a dozen others were ready and waiting for the missionary letter to be written. Maybe I should have told you something about the Philathea room. It was the dinky little front room of the discarded residence which stood on the site now occupied by the magnificent Sunday School Annex. The room was flush with the street, and had two large front windows, which were wide open on the afternoon of which I relate, thus affording a splendid view of the battlefield. Right across the street was an ice cream parlor with a solid glass front, and a large lobby; and in this the war correspondents mobilized. The corps was augmented from time to time, until at 2.15, the ice cream parlor was comfortably crowded. Some of the girls brought their opera glasses, and others brought their embroidery. Speaking of Nero—!

At 1.25, Miss Perkins arrived and entered the Philathea room. The matter now assumed the aspect of stern reality. Some of the more facetious who had been offering to place bets on the outcome of the encounter experienced a sudden reduction of the gambling fever. Miss Maybelle Duke an-

nounced that she was getting nervous, and that she wanted to go home. At 1.29, Miss Scruggs arrived and entered.

"Now," said Billy Greer, "one of two things is going to happen: either the temperature is going to be reduced to Absolute Zero, or they are going to need the ambulance."

We awaited casualties with some impatience. The fat Dutch proprietor forgot his annoyance, and joined his unprofitable visitors up front. Borrowing a pair of opera glasses he swept the building opposite:

"There ain't notting of a rookus vat I can see," he said with some resentment.

Ten minutes, fifteen, twenty passed:

"No more of this suspense for mine," said Billy Greer. "I'm going over there and view the remains."

So, he sidled across the street, and cautiously lifted his eyes above the window sill. For a while he hung there, and then slumped limply to the ground.

"It's as I expected," sobbed Miss Maybelle Duke, "they are both lying on the floor, stark in death."

Billy raised his hand and beckoned for us to come. We all started, but Billy held up one finger indicating that only one was wanted; so I went.

I shall never forget the sight that greeted me when I lifted my eyes above that window ledge. Misses Scruggs and Perkins had their heads close together. Miss Perkins had some needlework contraption in her hands, and Miss Scruggs was supervising operations:

"I've been a-wanting to learn to tat for many a year," whimpered Miss Perkins; "can you ever forgive me, Matildy?"

"Hush, hush, child," whispered Miss Scruggs consolingly, "I've been mighty perverse myself. Look out; keep that shuttle thread straight, and say, don't you think that two picots make a prettier scallop than just one?"

Now, I've got a High School diploma, but there are some things that are just naturally beyond me.

The Undertone

"How Patricia Halstead has cared for her orphaned niece since little Patricia was two years old, and on that rocky farm, too, I can't see," said Tim Riley, as he climbed down from his comfortable seat in the wagon to toss a letter on Miss Patricia's veranda. This done, he resumed his seat and continued: "Some say she still waits for Abner Blake, who went away twenty years ago."

"That handsome young professor, Tim; why did he leave here?" asked Mr. Oakes with interest.

"Oh, he joined the gold seekers and went to California, and no one has heard of him since—not even Patricia."

The rest of the conversation was lost in the rumble of the wagon when the two men drove on.

As was her custom each Wednesday morning, Miss Patricia went to the veranda to get her letter. It was from her niece, and she took her usual seat at the little south window and began to read. The hollyhocks in the little garden nodded gently to and fro in the bright sunlight, and the same sunlight that kissed those old-fashioned flowers peeped timidly in at the south window and touched the letter, bringing Miss Patricia to herself again with a start.

"The dear child must have a graduating dress, but how can I get it? Hiram Lane says the farm is getting so poor that it will not produce well—and I am in such straightened circumstances just now; but she shall have it, even if I have to sell—"

A loud knock summoned her quickly to the door. The south window did not open on the veranda, and Miss Patricia did not see the burly form of the old peddler as he strode heavily up the neat, graveled walk. She opened the door, and without further ado, the heavy-set peddler walked into the quaint, little room. He paused, and awkwardly lowered his pack. All the time he kept looking about in a curious manner—from the old fire-place to the antique furniture; then with an exclamation of joy he started forward

and gazed with covetous eyes toward the bed. Miss Patricia was alarmed, but no external sign of alarm was visible. A few more steps brought the sturdy, old peddler to the bed, and as he stroked the old-fashioned coverlet with his stubby, brown hand, he said:

"Fine coverlet—hand made; me give you a big price, lady."

Miss Patricia twitched nervously at the coral rose necklace at her throat.

"But I do not care to sell my old coverlet," she said.

"I make you good price—it be valuable. I've been looking for one for years—what ye say, twenty-five dollars, eh?"

But the pleasant memories of those days long gone by, were woven in its warf and woof, and Miss Patricia seemed loath to release her claim on her piece of cherished handiwork.

"Don't 'ezitate, lady, thirty dollars vill not be too much for me," said the peddler, drawing nearer.

"I shall have to part with it, for Patricia must have her graduating dress," she said to herself—then aloud: "You may have it at that price."

As she bent over the bed to remove the coverlet, the rose necklace fell into its folds. Her sole thought was of her niece and the sacrifice, and she did not know; but the keen-eyed peddler knew, and when he paid her the price, he put the coverlet carefully into his pack and trudged away.

The question of securing the dress for her niece was settled. The few weeks that intervened were busily spent in making the dress, for the tenth of June was the annual commencement of Greenwood Seminary.

That day came at last. Everything had gone off beautifully in the exercises and the girls lingered a while in the halls to give fond farewells and to receive congratulations from their friends.

The visiting professor, who made the address, stood by and listened to the happy chatter of the girls.

"Look at Patricia Halstead," said one in an undertone; "she is the loveliest and happiest girl of us all."

The great man heard and started visibly.

"Patricia Halstead," he said over and over to himself. "She must be a relative. It was twenty years ago that I knew her—then a graduate. But the likeness—"

He felt in his pocket—there was the coral rose necklace. He paused a moment in reflection, then congratulated each girl in turn. The last was Patricia Halstead, and he showed her the necklace. In the opposite side of the rose was a miniature picture, and beneath was engraved "P. H."

"Why, that's my Aunt Patricia when she was my age! Where did you get it?" she gasped in astonishment.

"Where is she? I must find her!" he said, excitedly. "I bought this necklace from a peddler in a distant state only last week, but it is the one I gave her just twenty years ago! Do not keep me waiting—where is she?"

"She's at home—to-day's her birthday. Suppose we go together this afternoon and help her celebrate?"

That same afternoon Miss Patricia went up to the attic and seated herself beside the old cedar chest where reposed another woven coverlet, the hand-made laces and tatted garments of long ago.

"To-day is my birthday. I've only this dingy, black alpaca to wear—or—" she laid each garment in a pile beside her—"or—" she fingered the crumpled, yellow muslin eagerly—"my graduating dress of twenty years ago! I'll just try it on again and see if I have aged much."

She walked across the room and looked into the quaint, old-fashioned mirrow at the picture of 18—. Could it be the same now with the faded rose pinned on the saffron-hued lace? Ah, Miss Patricia's springtime was returning, but she little knew that it was so near at hand.

She sat down in the big, willow rocker and folded her hands. She did not remember how long she sat there, but the twilight had gathered around her and the drapery of her simple dress touched the floor in shadowy folds.

"Aunt Patricia! Aunt Patricia!" floated a familiar voice to the attic, "we've come to celebrate your birthday! Where are you?"

So overcome was Miss Patricia that almost as quickly as her lips opened to speak, they closed without a sound.

Voices were heard, and they were now ascending the stairs. She clutched wildly at her dress, but there was no need, for that seemingly strange voice was now also, familiar.

"Patricia," he said softly.

Twenty years of memory flooded her face with happiness.

"Abner."

And his story arms lingered lovingly as he clasped the rose necklace about her withered throat.

—————oOo—————

Madison Cawein, the Kentucky Poet

One of the greatest geniuses nurtured upon Kentucky soil, yet strangely unfamiliar to most Kentuckians, is Madison Cawein. He is so different from any other Kentucky poet of the present time, that his own people did not at first realize and appreciate his true worth. He, together with Theodora O'Hara and Daniel Henry Holmes, all Kentucky poets, may well contend for first honors of their State.

To definitely classify the kinds of poems characteristic of Cawein would be extremely difficult. Some are didactic, some narrative, some dramatic, some lyrical. We may bury ourselves in some thrilling story of the pioneer life of Kentucky only to fall drowsily into the heavy richness of an oriental romance; he may draw us into the most weird, fantastic dreams, only to emerge in a light, fanciful nature lyric.

Cawein is equally at home in classic Greece, in ancient Rome, in sturdy England or among the woods and knobs of his own Kentucky. He is at once an idealist and a realist. For his idealistic theme, he creates classic characters; for his realistic, he describes some old, familiar landscape. With

his wonderful creative ability he can place a grinning satyr behind a Kentucky elder bush, or a Grecian nymph upon the banks of the Ohio, or diminutive dancing sprites in the Blue Grass.

To read Cawein is to commune directly with Nature—Nature in her most vivid and colorful forms; for he is indeed a painter with a most artistic touch. He is sympathetic with Nature in all her changing moods and has the gift of taking her smallest and most insignificant creatures, breathing such life into them that the memory of their undying beauty remains forever in our souls.

Cawein is similar to the English nature poets in his truthful observance, his joy in being in contact with any form of Nature. In his own words we might say of him that

> "Nature led him by the hand;
> And spoke her language to his heart
> So he could hear and understand;
> He loved her simply, as a child."

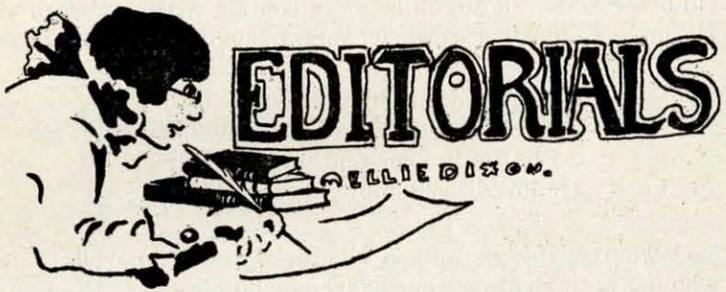
Cawein writes as only a Kentucky poet can write, one who has seen Kentucky sunsets, one who has heard the Kentucky song-birds, one who is familiar with her hills and hollows. One of his artistic and vivid poems, characteristic of the atmosphere of Kentucky, is "At Sunset."

> "Into the sunset's turquoise marge
> The moon dips, like a pearly barge
> Enchantment sails through magic seas
> To fairyland Hesperides,
> Over the hills and away.
>
> "In the fields, in ghost-gray gown,
> The young-eyed Dusk comes slowly down;
> Her apron filled with stars she stands,
> And one or two slip from her hands
> Over the hills and away.

"Above the woods black aldron bends
The witch-faced Night and, muttering blends
The dew and heat, whose bubbles make
The mist and busk that haunt the brake
Over the hills and away.

"Oh, come with me, and let us go
Beyond the sunset lying low;
Beyond the twilight and the night,
Into Love's kingdom of long light,
Over the hills and far away."

—oOo—



I

Appreciation is the key to justice. If anything, material or spiritual, is appreciated to its fullest extent, it will receive its just dues, whatever may be the circumstances in which it is found. We advance this opinion, not merely for the sake of argument but, for the sake of justice in a very specific way, and in a truly merited cause. We allude to the matter of advertising in THE ELEVATOR. We call the attention of our readers to this matter, and in this way in order that we may, if we can, inspire a greater and even a more sincere appreciation of the spirit of certain business men of Bowling Green who understand the value of an advertisement and who, above all others, deserve the first consideration of our readers.

Students and Elevator subscribers, consider this. THE ELEVATOR is your paper. Your money and your talent make it what it is. The progressive and spirited business men understand and appreciate this, and help you to finance the enterprise. You come to town to attend the Normal School, but you must live while you are here. The men who are engaged in business here know this, and they want to furnish you the means by which you live. That is their purpose in pursuing their work, and it is by that means they live. They are of two classes, however, and that is where the discriminating student will draw a distinction. One class believes that it is right and just for the merchants to go after the student trade; the other class wait for what may come their way. The former are the men of public spirit, and of appreciation; the latter value your money just as highly, and perhaps a little higher by their false standard, and will return none of it to you, so long as it is not a business necessity. The former are willing to meet you more than half way; the latter wait for you to come within their walls. Those who believe in returning a part of their receipts have an open hand for *you;* those who wait have an open hand for your *purse.*

There is also a duty imposed upon you who subscribe for THE ELEVATOR. You may have a personal choice among the business firms of the city, and prefer to do your shopping with them, but let's consider the matter together. We, that is, those who hold any connection with this magazine as a subscriber or otherwise, believe that, since we spend quite a sum of money each year with Bowling Green merchants, we have a just right to ask their patronage of them. True, but on the same principle, we are *obligated* to give to them every merited *consideration* above all others, or we will be in the same class as are those merchants who are thoroughly willing to *take all that can be gotten,* and *return nothing.* The situation is such that our moral standing, insofar as we have no right to ask for any consideration for which we return nothing, as well as our business interests, demand

that *above* all *others* we *owe those* who manifest a spirit of *reciprocity* every consideration that high business principles deserve. Below we give a list of those who favor us by asking that we favor them:

Allison Clothing Company.
Bazaar, The.
B. G. B. U.
B. G. Laundry Company.
Callis Brothers.
Carpenter-Dent-Sublett.
Continental Teachers' Agency
Dalton Studio.
Garvin's Book Store.
Lee-Norris Agency.
Morris & Anthony.
Munkle's Book Store.
E. Nahm & Co.
Nahm Brothers.
New York Store, The.
Palace Confectionery.
Proctor, Pressing Club.
Rogers' Studio.
Smith's Book Store.
W. O. Toy, Barber.
Y. M. C. A.

There is another list of business houses that we cannot name just here. Make it a *business proposition* for them to *come after your trade.*

II

Reiterating that appreciation is the key to justice, we wish to turn our attention to the position the merchants of Bowling Green occupy relative to THE ELEVATOR as an advertising medium. We regret the fact that certain ones among them are inclined to class "ads" in our columns as a kind of donation to charity, and regard it as a drain upon the finances of the mercantile interests. Such an idea is decidedly unjust and merits the unalloyed resentment of every loyal student of our school as well as the many of them who subscribe to our paper. The situation in a word is this: In the course of a year the two thousand students who come here spend upwards of $250,000. All of this money finds its way either directly or indirectly into the cash registers of the merchants of this town. In asking them to place ads with us we are asking only the slightest return for the vast sum we spend. Our paper is a student paper, supported by the student-body and is not a catalogue, as some have believed it to be. We do not make these statements in a spirit of ill will, but to correct certain wrong impressions that have gotten into the minds of some of the leading business men of the city. We trust that we will be understood, and that the unfair or unjust attitude of some of our business men toward us will cease to exist. To those who patronize us we express our appreciation, and hope that they will find their efforts to secure student business not in vain.

THE ELEVATOR for March will be published by the Junior Class. We are anticipating work that is typical of that strong class.

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What We See

Out in the great, wonderful, out-door world, the world where all is free and the spirit of democracy is monarch of

all the realm; where the warbling note of the song-bird is blended with the babbling murmur of the brook; where the zephyrs drink from cups of gold the nectar of life, and where the silently approaching night soothes to rest the busy nature world; out there, are many wonderful things unknown to man, and yet are ever seeking to gain his love and friendship. Poets have seen the wonders of this nature world, and have sung of the beauties that they have seen, but there are other songs that are still unsung; artists have seen the beauties of the landscapes, the grandeur of the broken hills, the majesty of the mighty plains, but there are many pictures that have not yet known the artist's brush; sculptors have chiseled statues of marvelous beauty, but in the unbroken clay, and the richest marbles, are forms not yet seen by mortal eye. Truly the great nature world has many mysterious wonders to yet reveal.

What the eye sees may not always be interpreted by every individual. Millions had looked with awe upon the vast restless sea, but it was Tennyson who heard in its never-ceasing moan the cry of humanity, and made it a real, live, pasionate being. Men had wandered through all the known paths of Nature's garden, but it was Bryant who first understood that only Nature could reveal the great mysteries of the human soul.

The poets, and many others have seen, and have sung of what they saw. Other men have seen, and they painted what they saw. To-day their achievements are above price. But the beauty in Nature's world is not exhaustible, and there are many wonderful things waiting for an eye to see them. To see, and, to picture what is seen, is the work of the one gifted with this rare talent of seeing. To picture what is seen is the thing that reveals the beauty to the world, and that is the task the artist has set for himself. An old, abandoned mill-house is a thing that is dead to the practical world; it may be a treasure-house to one whose imagination is able to transform it into a palace where fancy rules supreme. What it is is determined by what is seen in it, and

by no other means. A poet sees it and it is a theme for a song; an artist beholds it and it is transformed into a wonderful picture of beauty.

Then it is not the thing itself, but what is put into it that gives it value. If what is put into it is not given to the world by the artist's touch, it is lost; therefore, the art of expressing on canvas the emotions awakened by the beauties beheld and understood by him, is the only means of securing for others the treasures they will not see for themselves. To do this one must train the hand to portray what the imagination creates. This is the technique that the artist must master, and it is of this that the remainder of this theme shall treat. It is always a pleasure to find in any line of work examples of skill and talent, and whenever found it is a pleasure to recognize them and commend them to others. At the head of this article is a reproduction, greatly reduced, of a piece of work executed by a student in one of the drawing classes of the Normal. As an example of what may be accomplished through the simple mastery of the technique of the artist, it is worthy of high commendation. In it there is found an excellent example of masterful execution, and a true picture of what the eye saw. This kind of work should be more generally encouraged, for upon it rests the success of all the work of the artist. There is always a pleasure in recognizing the value of such work, and the work of mastering the accuracy of portrayal, and skill of execution should always be encouraged. In the same class in which the above work was done, were a number of pictures worthy of mention, some of which excelled in some respects, while others were superior along still other lines. Too often the value of such accomplishments is underrated and the art of drawing with pencil or crayon regarded as of little benefit to mankind.

Be that as it may, it is what is seen and not what merely exists that gives pleasure, and it is the ability to portray what is seen that is of value to the outside world; therefore, the art of pencil sketching is one worthy of cultivation.

Everybody read the editorial on Advertisers and Students.

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If There Were No Valentines

The custom of sending valentines dates back into the centuries, and through all the ages up to the present time, people have exchanged the dainty reminders of love on St. Valentine's Day. It is a beautiful custom and one that is dear to the hearts of everyone, so it is fitting that the day should be welcomed in, holiday fashion.

Again, it is the only day of all the year, that man pauses long enough in the routine of life, to give expression to the love that is within him. On that day there is a chain forged that binds all humanity together with the bonds of affection, bonds that do not break with time, and the chain is formed of valentines. To do homage to the God of Love the shops put on their gayest attire, and become a wild riot of color, decked with hearts, and golden Cupid's bows. Everywhere are scattered heaps of valentines, waiting to carry into the world, the messages of love concealed beneath their lacy edges. One by one they are bought and like little birds are sent into the North, the South, the East and the West, to gladden the hearts of humanity. When people are enjoying the pleasures of St. Valentine's Day, they little realize what the day would be if there were no valentines. What if Cupid should resolve in his saucy brain, not to allow his humble subjects to send any greetings on the good Saint's Day? It would be a calamity unspeakable, a sorrow scarcely to be described. In fact, there might as well be no Valentine's Day, for the valentines are the vitalizing power that makes man turn aside a moment from his workaday ways, and without them, all would pass on as any other day. Of all phases of life the child-world would probably be the most affected, if there were no valentines, for the valentine is the symbol of childish love and adoration. From the first crude drawing and wobbly love-message on a school-boy's slate to the lacy, heart-bedecked creation in the shop-window, the valentine expresses in the simplest, sweetest way the childish emotion. What sorrow there would be if there were no valentine boxes to open at school, or no big red hearts, with tender verses, to exchange. A child's life would, in a measure, be deprived of one of its greatest joys, for this experience with its untold pleasure comes second only to Christmas. As it affects the child's sphere, so the sending of valentines affects people in all phases and conditions of life, from Rosa, the child of the Ghetto, to the finest lady in society. The lovers, above all, would be in sore distress, for they express their great emotions through the valentine. The day is dedicated to lovers, for Cupid knows and understands their tribulations and tries in his own secret way to help them. However, many others who wish to partake of the sweetness of love, come in for a share of the valentines, and all of these would be disappointed beyond measure if there were none for them. Those of the lonely heart are cheered, and those who are poor, are made rich in love. Those who are cruel are softened by the knowledge that some one cares for them, and those who abide in the House of Gain and Greed are made to feel the unselfishness of love. Thus we see what a great place the valentine occupies in the hearts of men and what a great misfortune it would be if there were no valentines. The lovers would have no medium through which to express their feelings, the lonely would have to continue to live in their land of the Empty Heart, those who are poor would have nothing to make them forget their unhappy lot, and St. Valentine's Day would become instead of a day of happiness, one of despair and sorrow.

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The Joys of Kodaking

Just as the small boy playing at marbles on every vacant lot, the screeching of hand-organ with its inevitable red-capped monkey, and the song of the first robin, so the kodaker, is a herald of the coming of another spring. As the

bright, warm days approach, even before the first pangs of spring fever are felt, an insistent desire to "take pictures" lays hold upon one. And why should one not hope to keep even a memory of the soft, cool greenness that envelopes the earth? When the hot, dry days of summer come, or we are in the throes of work on a cold, bleak, winter day, it is good to get out pictures of the time when the year was beginning and all was restful and fair. It seems nearer and inspires us with hope that such days will come again.

The ideal way, it seems to me, for these pictures that are simply for pleasure to be taken, is for a group of congenial people to make the kodak the excuse for an outing into this exhilarating out-of-doors. On the walk to some favorite spot, numerous snapshots will add zest to any crowd. Nothing could be more unstudied or more interesting than the facial expression of those "caught" unexpectedly before the "set grin" has been put on or the head placed at exactly the correct angle.

If this spring kodaker be in a more serious mood and wishes to slip away to study art through the lens of his camera, let him seek the quieter places. He will find some newly released stream which glimmers and glistens in changing lights and shadows; a gray stone wall over which a rose vine has woven an intricate design or the first green leaves of honeysuckle are appearing; or possibly, the animals of the forest in their natural surroundings, should his interests lie in picturing them. If so, this is his chosen season.

Spring has a charm that is undeniable, yet the hot summer's sun when the radiance of nature is at its height, gives to the picture a share in its brightness and warmth. At this season of the year, as possibly at no other, colored photography lends itself. Then it is that the gorgeous-colored flower covers the earth; the harvest scene is a mass of brilliance and life; and the human family, not to be outdone by Mother Nature, puts on its gayest colors.

What would be a camping trip or a house-party without

a kodak? A vast amount of amusement can be derived from the taking of the pictures,—a larger part do they play, however, in keeping the memory green. When the summer is over and the gayeties almost forgotten, the sight of the pictures will bring it vividly back. Again the vacation trip —possibly to some summer resort, a mountain visit, or just a trip to the country, can be best recalled if there are pictures of the interesting things seen and done, for no trip is complete without the kodak.

The "saddest, sweetest time of all the year" is also the most beautiful, time for then it is that nature makes her final effort and displays such an outburst of color that we can but pause and look. But how we would like to remember all of it forever! The pumpkin and the fodder; the trees with their showering leaves; and the Hallowe'en festivities we can keep, for they lend themselves beautifully to the kodak picture.

The nacent beauty of spring, the full-blown loveliness of summer, and the rich, mellow charm of autumn, are indescribable. And yet there is something that none of these have, and we must go to the winter months to picture that color, repellant beauty that invades all winter scenes. There is a magestic something about a scene in which the ground is blanketed in white and the trees are bowed down to the ground with their load of ice and snow. We find joy in it and yet we cannot come too near.

Kodaking brings recreation to those who need rest, amusement to those who seek it, and joy to all who will follow its call and learn its ways and workings. It is a pleasure to the one who uses it and may be, in the finished picture, of artistic or educational value or simply a joy to have.

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Everybody read the editorial on Advertisers and Students

Cupid and a Modern Valentine Day

In THE ELEVATOR for December was treated a subject that is near and dear to all of us, whether we be so young we cannot remember the "good old days," or whether we be sufficiently old and wise to discuss at great length their superiority over all other days.

If Cupid could be induced to speak the thoughts that must surge in his mind at the dawn of a modern Valentine's Day, I imagine he would express his opinions in regard to "good old days" more eloquently than Daniel Webster plead the cause of that well-known woodchuck. For Cupid could tell you that there was a time when Valentine's Day was not so crowded with duties for him to perform as it now is.

Nowadays we speak a great deal concerning the need for efficiency in every line of work, so it is very necessary that Cupid should make effective his most important of all important works. In these modern days the test of Cupid's forethought and cunning comes on the fourteenth of February, when the whole world is more or less at the mercy of his (delightfully) relentless darts.

This fourteenth of February proposition is not so simple as it was in "the good old days" when Cupid took his cue from a pink and white candy heart, adorned with a direct and appropriate statement, which some love-sick swain sent to the lady of his heart. No longer can Cupid determine his course of action by the memory of some sweet maiden who, during the summer, was wont to stroll down flowery lanes, pulling the petals from a daisy and chanting in rapturous tones, "He loves me."

The valentine of to-day is entirely different. Accordingly, Cupid summons all his power and prepares to spend a day of skillful wire-pulling. For Cupid is in a sense a wire-puller. It is true, however, that he strives to connect hearts by the wires of coincidence and "plastic circumstance," rather than stations by "really, truly" wires. Of course, Cupid's wires may be *live* wires.

Although on Valentine's Day his victims may slumber sweetly through the earlier morning hours, Cupid must be awake at dawn. There is so much to be done! He must see every immense, heart-shaped box of chocolates that are waiting to be sent to certain fortunate individuals. He must take stock of the tons of roses and orchids that will have conventionally engraved cards slipped in them before they are started to the dearest girls in the world. Then he must be on duty when these various packages arrive. He must know the psychological moment to draw the bow that will start the arrow that will awaken the sentiments that will determine some one's destiny.

Unfortunately, all of Cupid's problems cannot be solved with candy and flowers. Think of the complexities that may arise from a misdirected letter. With this thought in mind, Cupid is obliged to haunt the dead letter office. Then there are trains that will not run on time, even on Valentine's Day, and cause the busy Cupid many hours' anxious study of the time tables. Of course, the automobile is probably Cupid's favorite means of locomotion, but it sometimes causes him uneasiness and concern. He may be sure he has "the time, the place, the loved one, all together," when the gasoline gives out and his fondest plans are upset.

So Cupid must often wish he could go back to the days when he was only expected to officiate in romantic paths or in stately halls, or, perhaps in some inviting-looking little skiff. Remember how difficult, how complex, how disappointing his work must be; and don't hold him too strictly to account if *occasionally* he takes a chance with fate, closes his eyes, and lets go an arrow—regardless.

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Athletics

Clean sport is always appreciated by those who go to see it; it also has a great value in training those who engage in its splendid and healthful activities. The man who can

best meet the onslaught of the enemy in athletics, and overpower his antagonists may not be able to win honors in a class in the ancient classics, but he nevertheless gets a power of self-control and poise that will enable him to face the big problems of life with an equanimity and determination that he might not otherwise have attained for himself. This kind of sport is highly commendable and is found in many of our college games, as football, basketball, and others.

To be thoroughly appreciated in an institution, there must be a rivalry in which the entire body may be "backing up" its home team, and the game must be of a quality and class that will appeal to lovers of sport, and enthusiasts, for "their" boys. Such were the exhibitions of basketball in which the Western team has thus far engaged. True, they have not always won, but that is a secondary matter. They have played good ball, and their losses only attest to the strength of their opponents, and the power that comes from long "training together" over the team of strong individual players who have only "teamed" together for a few weeks.

The first game of the season was played against Bethel College on their gym. The game was good and the long end of the score was in their favor. But it was only the first game, and was needed to show where Western must strengthen. This was shown when in a return game the tables were turned and the ends of the score reversed, in a game played fairly well. The next team to meet defeat at Western's hands was the fast Owensboro High. The Owensboro boys had lots of "pep" and made the game exciting and close. Only the ability to break up long passes saved the game for Western by a very narrow margin.

The next team scheduled to meet defeat was the Castle Heights, of Lebanon, Tenn. Those lusty chaps, however, were a little bit fast and ran over the schedule after a hard fight. Castle Heights has an enviable reputation among the quintets of the South, and to be able to interest them is even a thing of glory in itself. Although they were highly confident of victory, they met a surprise when Western's pygmies met them at their favorite sport and held them to a score of 37 to 27 in their favor. A return game may prove their error in supposing that only "giants" can play basketball, and that speed may baffle them in their efforts to overcome their opponents by the speed-skill combination.

Another series of basketball games that was very much appreciated by the followers of the sport was the girls' contest, at home. Three good, strng teams, the "Reds," "Blues" and "Greens," captained respectively by Misses Waller, Cherry and Jordan, played a number of games of classy basketball. There was energy and enthusiasm, in other words, "snap," in all of them. The season ended with a game between the "Reds" and "Greens" in which Miss Waller's "Reds" won the championship. The stars of these respective teams will be organized into a girls' "'Varsity" and will meet the girls' teams of some of our leading colleges and highs in contests soon.

The baseball season is rapidly approaching and everyone anticipates some glorious times then. The season opens March 27, and continues on through May. The schedule is already largely determined, and some of the strongest teams in the State, and in Tennessee, are booked for games. It is in baseball that Western has hitherto been unbeatable, and we anticipate another season of glory. To make sure of this it is necessary that all who play baseball report to the coach soon for practice and help in every way to make the season one of victory.

News

Miss Estella Woosley, teaching now in Hickman, Fulton County, writes that she is enjoying her work, and that the teachers in that county have, most of them, attended either the Normal, or some other good school. This speaks well for

Fulton County, and insures good company for Miss Woosley.

Here is an example of what efficiency means. Miss Lela Keown taught a splendid school during the fall and winter in Muhlenberg County. Her school there closed on the 21st of January, and she secured a position in the Louisville public schools, where she is now teaching. THE ELEVATOR wishes her a continued success.

Miss Margaret Henderson writes of her successful work at Pryorsburg, Ky. She expresses her true loyalty to the Normal, and has promised to bring two new students when she returns in the spring.

Miss Louise Boettger, of DeKoven, Ky., writes that she will enter the Normal again in April. We will welcome Miss Boettger into our midst with pleasure, and wish her a pleasant stay in the Normal.

Miss Mary Watson Green, who is now teaching at Boston, Ky., has favored us with a card, expressing her desire to receive THE ELEVATOR to assist her in the matter of keeping in touch with her work.